

In Love and War: Prolouge

by Samantha

Category: Harry Potter
Genre: Drama
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-20 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-20 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:39:14
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,610
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: All's Fair in Love and War...

In Love and War: Prolouge

A/N: This is an idea I thought of this morning at 7:00. I think this is the first fic I haven't dreamed about, but I thought of it after a dream, so does it count? Enjoy!

>

>Vital Statistics:
Muggle world population: c. 6.5 billion
(6,500,000,000)

>Wizarding world population: c. 1 billion (1,000,000,000)

>

>"Have you seen my shoes?" Hermione Granger cried loudly, walking down the stairs of her small London flat.

>"Try your closet," her roommate, Ron Weasley joked.

>"Funny," Hermione snorted. "Very funny."

>"Where did you see them last, Herm?" asked Harry Potter, the other friend who occupied the flat.

>"I don't know, but I have to find them or we'll be late for the meeting!" Hermione whined, walking around their living room. The three eighteen-year-olds had just moved in together after their graduation from Hogwarts last month, and where all having to make adjustments to living by themselves. Ron and Harry had both taken jobs in different departments of the Ministry, and Hermione was enrolled in a very selective wizarding graduate school for the fall.

>The three had just received an owl informing them of an emergency meeting in Diagon Ally being held for ministry members and other very established wizards and witches. The meeting was being run by Fudge and Dumbledore, so it must have been important.

>"I can't believe I had to cancel my date with Alison," Ron grumbled. "All for a stupid meeting. Emergency my ass."

>"Here they are!" Hermione exclaimed, holding up her sneakers. She tied them quickly.

>"Let's go. We're already late," Harry said and ushered the trio out the door.

> ***

>When they reached the ministry building in Diagon Ally, there were already hundreds of people there gathered in the auditorium like room, all chatting with each other, wondering what news Fudge had to give his citizens. The noise of their talk was almost deafening, everyone had to shout to hear each other.

>"What do you think happened?" Hermione asked Harry.

>"Huh?" he yelled. "I can't hear you; it's too loud!"

>"I said, what do you think happened!" Hermione screamed.

>Harry shook his head. "I still can't hear you!"

>Hermione sighed and gave up. She turned to Ron, but Ron was attempting conversation with a very pretty witch who was standing behind them. "Can that kid ever focus on anything except girls?" She asked with a laugh.

>"What?" Harry asked, still not hearing her.

>Hermione shook her head and smiled faintly. She didn't feel like screaming at the top of her lungs to have a conversation with Harry.

>The Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, stood up to the microphone. "Can I have everyone's attention please?" he asked. No one listened. "Can I have everyone's attention please?" No response, everyone went on talking.

>Dumbledore walked up the microphone and cleared his throat. "Ahem." The room grew silent.

>"Thank you," Fudge said. "We have a few announcements to make, all very important and very grave."

>"Lemme guess, Fudge is retiring," Harry whispered to Hermione.

>"Maybe Snape is," Hermione said softly.

>"Nah," Harry disagreed. "He wouldn't call Snape stepping down grave." Hermione giggled softly.

>Fudge fidgeted with his fingers. "As some as you may know," he said. "England declared war on Germany, Italy, and Russia today."

>Ron, Hermione, and Harry exchanged a frightened and confused look.

>"The United States and other successful countries have also declared war, making this war officially World War Three. On our side are the United States, France, China, Japan, Egypt, Brazil, and several other small countries. Against us are Germany, Italy, Canada, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Bosnia."

>Hermione felt herself tense as she reached out and grabbed Harry's hand. She reached out for Ron's hand, but he had shoved his hands in his pockets nervously. Harry squeezed her hand in a meant to be reassuring way, but Hermione could feel fear radiating from her best friend.

>"And that's not the worst of it," Fudge continued. "At the time of this inopportune muggle war, You-know-who has gathered an army of approximately two hundred million people, about one fourth of the wizarding world. He has declared war on us."

>There was a deadly silence. Harry felt himself trembling slightly. Voldemort was back? There was going to be a war? A war between the good magic and the bad? Was Voldemort after power, or him? Harry shook harder. Hermione noticed, and withdrew her hand from his to put her hand on his shoulder. "Are you ok?" she asked.

>"Yeah," he lied, his voice cracking.

>"No you're not," she whispered. Harry opened his mouth to say something, but was cut off when Fudge started to speak again.

>"We have roughly five hundred million witches and wizards on our side who are capable of fighting," Fudge said. "The other three hundred million are either too young, too old, or too weak."

>Hermione smiled. We outnumber them; we have twice as many. We'll do fine.

>"We cannot take our victory for granted, Voldemort has a strong army, and dark magic is much more powerful than light magic," Fudge admitted. Hermione's face fell. "We will have to have ground troops, pilots for airplanes-muggle flying machines-, and marines for the ships."

>"We'll have to use muggle machines in the midst of our magic because of the muggle wars," Dumbledore explained.

>"Every boy between the ages of seventeen and forty will be drafted for one of these positions," Fudge said. "And every woman in this age range has the option for enlisting for everything except ground troops."

>"That's sexist!" A witch cried towards the front, rising shouts of agreement throughout the audience.

>Fudge scowled. "That's my decision. If any of you ladies out there wish to help, you can enlist for pilot or marine. But there is no way in hell I'll let you go in as a ground troop. It's simply too dangerous."

>Hermione crossed her arms angrily. Sexist ass, she thought. Ron noticed her sulk and lightly patted her back.

>"Also, there will be openings as nurses, male or female," Fudge said. "Also, all children under seventeen must report to their boarding schools immediately where they will be the most safe. Most of the parents in this room have students at Hogwarts, and they need to report to King's Cross Station tomorrow at one. I think that's it. Everyone will receive their drafts and enlisting forms tomorrow by owl. Thank you." Fudge stepped back from the microphone.

>Harry, Hermione, and Ron looked at each other, scared. This was big. This was huge. They left the auditorium and walked down Diagon Alley in silence.

>"I can't believe this," Ron said, shattering the quiet atmosphere.

>"Neither can I," Hermione sighed. "This is soâ€¦"

>"Horrible?" Ron finished for her.

>"I was going to say surprising, but your word fits too." Hermione smiled. The three sat down on the side of the road, trying to comfort each other.

>"How did this happen?" Hermione cried. "One minute, my biggest problem was that I couldn't find my shoes. Now, it's this. We're at war against Voldemort." Ron cringed at the mention of his name. "And the muggles are having a WWII. Do you guys know what happened in WWII?"

>"I read about it," Ron said. "Didn't they kill the Jewish people or something?"

>"It was called the Holocaust," Hermione continued. "Six million humans were brutally murdered. Six million."

>Ron looked at his hands. "That's awful."

>"Yes, it was," Hermione agreed.

>"Why did they do that?" Ron asked.

>Hermione shrugged. "There were some very screwed up, evil people who blamed their problems on the Jews."

>"Did you study this?" Ron said sarcastically.

>"In my muggle primary school we learned about it. It's a horrible, but interesting thing to learn about. It's our history."

>"I wish I could forget that," Ron said. "But I just have this vision of all these people, innocent people who you see on the street every day, just getting murdered for no reason."

>"That's what happened."

>Ron gazed at Hermione. "Well, I don't think I'll be able to sleep again for a long time."

>"It's amazing what horrors the human race is capable of," Hermione sighed.

>"It is," Ron agreed. "Will we be ok?" he asked in a childish voice.

>"We'll get through this," Harry said finally.

>"Yes, we will," Hermione agreed.

>The trio noticed Dumbledore leaving the ministry building. "Professor!" Hermione called after him. "Oh, professor!"

>"Hello, Hermione," Dumbledore said with a smile. "How are you?"

>"Worried," she admitted.

>"We all are," Harry said softly.

>"What's going to happen?" Hermione asked.

>"Ron and I will be drafted," Harry stated.

>Fudge walked up behind them and shook his head. "Are you serious, Potter? You, be drafted? Now why would I do that?"

>"Because you said every boy between seventeen and forty would be," Harry said, confused.

>Fudge paused. "Potter, we're not going to draft you."

>"Why not?" Ron asked.

>Fudge sighed. "This war is almost as much politics as it is a war against good and evil. We can't very well send the famous Harry Potter off to war, now can we?"

>"But, uh, Iâ€¦" Harry began, glancing at Ron. He felt so guilty that his friend would have to go and fight, while he could get out of it.

>"Harry," Dumbledore said. "You might be an essential part of defeating Voldemort once and for all. You might have to be our last resort."

>"You might get to be a hero again," Fudge told him.

>"I don't WANT to be a hero," Harry muttered.

>Fudge ignored him and continued. "If we send you out in the midst of the fighting, you could be killed. Then where would we be?"

>"What am I going to do then?" Harry asked.

>"Until Voldemort's defenses are weakened and he is capable of being defeated, we have a job for you and Hermione, along with some of our other most brilliant wizards," Dumbledore said.

>"I'm not brilliant," Harry said lamely.

>Dumbledore laughed. "Well, even if you're not, you'll make a good addition to this team. This is a division of our military defenses that learns and studies different types of curses."

>"You mean, curses that are used in attack?" Hermione asked.

>"Exactly," Fudge said. "It's a privilege; you'll get to stay in the London area and won't have to be re-evacuated."

>"I will be drafted, won't I?" Ron said sadly.

>Fudge nodded, not losing his perky attitude. "Yes, you will. You'll get your details tomorrow." He turned to Dumbledore. "Albus, we need to go. It's getting late."

>Dumbledore nodded. "Goodbye," he said. "You'll get your instructions tomorrow. Good luck!" He and Fudge then apparated and disappeared.

>The three stood for a minute, unsure of what to say. "Ron," Hermione started, but he angrily apparated home and was gone.

>"Poor Ron," Harry said.

>"Poor Ron indeed."

>"It's not fair, you know," Harry told her.

>"I know."

>"We get to stay here, safe and cozy in our little flat, while Ron is risking his life half-way across the f***** world."

>"Harry!" Hermione scolded.

>"What?"

>"Don't swear like that!" Hermione cried, pointing her finger at him.

>Harry laughed. "You'll make a good mother one day."

>Hermione wrinkled her nose. "If I don't kill my children first. I swear, I have no patience."

>"You'll get some," Harry said sweetly. "Let's go, we need to go and talk to Ron." Hermione nodded, and apparated home.

> ***

>Seventeen year old Ginny Weasley sat in her living room, stunned. She had just heard the news about the war. Her mother was upstairs crying. She had every reason to cry, all of her sons were going off to war. All six of them, ages ranging from eighteen year old Ron to twenty five year old Bill. Her dad was in the kitchen, pacing. She knew why her father was upset; he was too old to go and join his sons in battle.

>Ginny wanted to go. She didn't want to fight; she just wanted to help. To be there in the action, to victory. Just being there would give her excitement as she risked her life, but not to the extent where she was really in danger. She just wanted the high of having the slight risk. It was stupid, but Ginny had become a bit of a daredevil in her years at Hogwarts. She never backed down at a dare, never. She was never afraid to try things, and she loved roller coasters. She had grown up from the shy, quiet, scared little girl she once had been, the same little girl Harry Potter had rescued from the Chamber of Secrets her first year. She currently feared nothing, except the fact that she might lose one of her beloved brothers.

>What were her options? She could be a pilot. Ginny instantly ruled that out; she couldn't work with anything muggle. That ruled out being a marine and working on a ship too.

>What about being a nurse? You've always liked medicine and such. And you love helping people. Ginny had decided that she wanted to care for magical creatures when she got older, to study and specialize in exotic animals that solely existed in the wizarding world. What's the difference between caring for humans instead of animals. It'll be fun!

>She raced upstairs to find her mother. "Mum, mum!" she cried.

>"What is it, Ginny dear?" Mrs. Weasley said softly, wiping her last tears off her face. Her eyes were bloodshot from crying and her voice shook.

>"Mum, I've decided something," Ginny told her.

>"What? Don't tell me you're going off to war too," Mrs. Weasley warned.

>"I want to be nurse," Ginny announced proudly. Mrs. Weasley looked at her daughter as if she had gone mad, then fainted.

>"Uh, mum? Are you ok?"

> ***

>Draco Malfoy looked out his window. I'm a dark wizard, he thought to himself. I'm a dark wizard.

>But I don't want to be a dark wizard. All I want to do is get a job somewhere. I want to be minister of magic and actually work for my position, unlike now. Draco knew that after Voldemort was gone, and after his father passed away, that Draco would be the ruler of the dark world. It was like he was third in line for the crown. Draco wanted none of it; he wasn't evil. Well, he could be malevolent(especially to Potter and his gang), but he wasn't truly evil. A truly evil person could not love another person. And Draco loved Rae.

>Rae Marianne Welch was a brunette, green-gray eyed muggle girl he had met in a park one summer three years ago. They had instantly hit it off, and Rae became one of Draco's few friends. At the end of the summer he had told her about him being a wizard and about Hogwarts, but instead of being scared, Rae loved it. She loved hearing his stories about the wizarding world and school, and he loved telling her. During the school year they wrote letters, and with each letter, Draco fell more and more in love with her. Before long, their letter which before held casual, friendly information had become passionate love letters. Draco anticipated each one. He hadn't received one for about a month, nor had he written her. He was scared to death that his father would find out that he was in love with a muggle.

>Lucius Malfoy had never really loved his son, as Draco often felt. Draco often ended up with bruises and cuts when he was younger when he had disobeyed. Lucius was Voldemort's right hand man; Lucius was his favorite follower. Lucius often told Draco to be glad of their position, and the fact that the dark wizarding world would one day be his. I don't want it! Draco cried. I don't want it!

>He had never told Rae about his family, or about his position with the dark arts. He didn't want to scare her, but he doubted he would. She would probably cry, making Draco cry, and then would give him some advice about what to do. Her advice was always right. When he had told her about his rivalry with Potter and company, she had told him to observe them as though he had never seen them before, just to get to see what they were really like.

>For a week, Draco had hidden behind books in the library and in the great hall and watched the 'dream team'. He saw Ron Weasley crack jokes, making the trio laugh; he saw Ron struggle in the shadow of his brothers, trying to be the best he could be. He saw Hermione cry on more than one occasion, from a 'bad' grade to a mean comment from a classmate. He saw even his hated Harry in a new light, suffering from being a hero and perfect in everyone's eyes, when all he wanted to be was normal. The most profound moment in Draco's life was when he saw his arch enemy, the great 'Harry Potter' cry, crying for his parents, his past, his future. Draco no longer hated them; like him, they were lost and confused too.

>I certainly am lost and confused. I don't want to be a dark wizard.

>But I am.

> ***

>The next morning, Harry awoke to see Hedwig above his bed. "What is it?" he asked sleepily. Hedwig impatiently dropped an envelope on his bed. "What the?" Harry said, then opened the letter. It read:

>Mr. Potter-

>You have been selected to the position in the curses project and will be helping our efforts in the war. I look forward to working with you. There is a mandatory meeting tomorrow evening at the ministry; we suggest you attend. Good luck.

> -Cornelius Fudge

>Enclosed was a note from Dumbledore.

>Harry,

>I know this had been a shock; the last twenty four hours have held much frightening information. I think you will be happy with your new position, and Hermione too. I can't do anything about Ron's predicament. I can't deny the ministry a strong, powerful young man such as himself in such a desperate time. I will try to make sure he is looked after, although I can give you no promises. It pains me that you three have to experience such a horrible thing as war, but you must remember that love wins out over hate in this world, even though at times it does not seem like it.

>-Albus (Professor Dumbledore is too formal, you're not students anymore)

>Harry got out of bed and walked downstairs. He saw Hermione curled in a little ball, laying on the couch, crying softly.

>"What's wrong?" he asked sweetly, sitting down beside her. She sat up next to him, her eyes bloodshot and her face red and puffy. Her bottom lip was quivering, and his gaze made her burst into tears again. Hermione fell into his arms, and she sobbed against him while he stroked her hair.

>He noticed Ron was also in the room, staring out the room as if he was frozen. "What's wrong with her?" Harry asked his best friend.

>Ron didn't say anything; he just handed Harry a letter.

>Mr. Weasley-

>You have been selected to be a member of the army's ground troop. This is of a high prestige, and we are sure that you will serve us well. You will report tomorrow to Kings Cross Station and will be located to a training camp. Good luck.

> -Cornelius Fudge.

>"It's the most dangerous position," Ron said softly.

>"Oh my god," Harry mumbled. He put his face in his hands. "Oh my god."

>"Ron," Hermione said softly, getting out of Harry's embrace. "Oh, Ron!" she cried. She stood up and threw her arms around him. He clutched her to him and laid his head on her shoulder. Harry saw a few tears fall down his cheeks.

>Hermione drew away, and sat back on the couch. Ron hugged Harry in a 'guy hug'. "I can't believe you're leaving tomorrow," Harry whispered.

>"I know," Ron said, wiping his tears. "This can't be real."

>"But it is. Oh, it is." Harry said softly.

>

>AN: Short, but hey? It's a prologue. It's going to get better. It can't get anywhere BUT better; it's so bad!!! Ugh, I hate myself! Oh well. Please review. I think that this will probably be pretty long, but really, what do you care? Longer the better, right? J LOL.

>
This story will be in several different perspectives: Ron's, off at war; Ginny, being a nurse; Draco, on being a dark wizard; and Harry/Hermione, they'll be in the same scenes because they'll probably almost always be together since they are both working on the same thing. Please review.

>
Disclaimer: I'm lazy today, so Harry and company belong to J.K Rowling. Rae's mine, and so is Alison (mentioned at the beginning). Anyone else you don't recognize from the books is probably mine too.

>

>


```
><br>  
> <p><p>
```

```
End  
file.
```